

## Grits

# "Ain't Sayin' Nothin'"

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Thieves shake the equal,  
Glamour Ritz, we got our chucks on,  
Many times we been surpassed, they rather put smucks  
on,  
Insubordinate knuckleheads insisting they be spoon  
fed,  
Indeed take precautions, while split-up will make you  
nauseas,  
Simplicity seems to get the best of me,  
Listening to emcees twisting renditions of authoring,  
Following the hollow styles of other individuals, while  
we originals get passed off like apologies.  
My man Bone speaking terms that you learn to discern,  
The turn turns roundabout, I sound about,  
The animosity, verbal viscosities - I scoff at these  
insipid nitwits that be swearing that they're emcees,  
Drama when mics are around the circumferences,  
Cannibalistic mandates of artists labeled "Platinum  
hits,"  
Poisonous venom is what I send them if they nip at this,  
Like a dipstick, I let them know that they're full of it,  
Fill your cup with the hardy tawdry intellect,  
I'm injecting a proposal and discretion disposal,  
Grasp for reality - can't get in your clutches with the  
Starsky and Hutches,  
Scribbling wannabes promoting the crutches,  
Oh no, Bone and Coffee getting deep again,  
Foes, get your boots,  
Rich gets stick when heat sets in,  
Catch wind and hold your nose as the stench of the  
truth imposes the sell of the units to the youth.

Ain't saying nothing, got nothing to say,  
Ain't saying nothing, got nothing to say,  
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Emcees today, they got nothing to say,  
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I'm gonna lay down my burdens down by the riverside,

Gliding across sand with the mic in my hand,  
Standing out like in arabesque, my styles are blessed,  
Delivering the true, you see my mind, I've never been  
this good,  
The semen of my psyche, it impregnates the tape,  
Ballistic, mind-blowing concepts of language, in true,  
deep-seated laws of religion,  
My polemics stand erect, but my craving's not in check,  
The elect Coffee runs for alderman,  
I called him in to hit the frontline,  
They want rhymes, ill do my best,  
Make them digest the foam loaf; add some gravy for  
you, baby,  
If I ever, better never, write a lyrics without meaning,  
nowadays people would probably boo me from the  
stage in a rage,  
Tomato juice dripping from my polo hat,  
Crying, "Why they dissing? Why won't they listen?"  
For the chimpanzees the monkey shines the funky  
rhymes,  
I do, huh, f-f-f-fantastic,  
Excellence endureth,  
Goteeage grips, they toureth,  
Mental oven heats the muffin for the jackals who say  
nothing,  
Some brothers be talking about things they only seen  
on videos, or they heard it on the radio,  
I ask real hip-hoppers to bring a stop to these gimmicks  
and industry investment mimics,  
Now I'm bidding adieu, my salutation's through,  
Get a clue, get a grip, release the trip,  
The Christian's position in need of a physician,  
Grits got the blood of Jesus dripping on renditions.

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Ain't saying nothing, got nothing to say,  
Emcees today, they got nothing to say,  
Ain't, ain't, saying, saying, nothing, nothing, nothing,  
nothing,  
Ain't, ain't, saying, saying, nothing, nothing, nothing,  
nothing.

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